A funny thing was I looked up this kid named Jimmy Covolo for the first time since I was really young--people like that often have a memorable name, he was the kind of kid in the 2nd Grade who was nothing but trouble for Mr. Capozi who did everything to get Jimmy to stop leaning back in his chair--one time he kept doing it, and fell backwards into a shelf--Mr. Capozi vs. Jimmy Covolo was quite the saga, then--leaning back in chairs was a popular, common sin I committed plenty myself (I never fell). I remember Covolo specifically because of the playground at Green Valley Elementary (in MD). I kid you not that he walked on the monkey bars (that were designed to be swung on/from) slipped and landed on his nuts because my eyes were at nuts level when that happened--I saw a bar, a mishap, some indecision, and then nuts on the bar--hands landing and catching the bar, too, at eye level were too late to save nuts. It was one of those playgrounds with cement, not the pussy-ass, mulch-shit of today. If you fell back then you'd be fucked-up 'cos of concrete (I saw a woman somehow land on her foot at the Arboretum in Greensboro, her foot was turned to the side like one of those videos you can't watch on YouTube--EMS took so long to get there I thought they didn't want to be there nor was I the only one--she laid there forever).

Covolo wasn't really the best acrobat. Thinking I would never find that dude after all this time, I looked him up recently to learn he'd already died in the early 90's: Jimmy Covolo--what a life thanks aw